THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys and Girls Department

Rules for Young Writers.
Write plainly on one side of the er only and number the pages.
Use pen and ink, not penoil.
Short and pointed articles will given preference. Do not use ever words. story.

Address all communications to Un-cle Jed, Bulletin Office.

"Whatever you are—Be that;
Whatever you say—Be true.
Straightforwardly act.
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY. The Clouds.

I love to see the clouds go by, Like dark and smoky mountains, And sometimes in the blue, blue sky I think I see a fountain.

And sometimes at the fountain Children I see there; They run behind the mountains And disappear somewhere.

The mountain goes away,
And all at once I see
Those very happy children
Looking down at me.

The sun is setting low. Mother calls me, too; Good-bye, little cloud-girls; I must be leaving you.

—Elizabeth Finch. Boydton, Va.

A Round Trip.

At Tiredville the trip begins, We soon reach Drowsy Centre; The gates of Sleepyland we push Apart, and slowly enter.

Within are dreams of every kind. And naps of every nation; We must take care, or nightniares mad Will chase us from the station.

But when we've once reached Slum

bertown,
We've no more need to worry;
The journey back to Wide-awake
We take in quite a hurry.

Julie M. Lippman in the Christian

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE. AWAKES.

There used to be a belief that opporcunity did not knock at the door but once, and that settled it once for all. Now. Wide-Awakes, there isn't a word of truth in that. Opportunity is always knocking at everybody's door, and the reason he does not help folks is because they will not help them-

Many people take no notice of opportunity because he isn't calling them to lead the procession. Oppor tunity calls people to lead the proces sion, but he always calls those who can do it. He, however, makes no specialty of processions.

Opportunity has demanded that a ing when he didn't want to, and obedience has carried such a lad to the presidency of the United States; it has called upon young men to put on overalls and . mpers and to work in the grime when they did not want to and taught them lessons which made them

Opportunity doesn't call people to wear Sunday clothes all the time, or to do things which are most pleasing to them. Opportunity calls people to service and he has opened the door for a kingship the beginning of which was peril and drudgery.

Remember that opportunity is not the patron of soft snaps-he is not an admirer of kid-gloved dudes. He is fond of and partial to the worker who takes hold of the work presented for him to do and does it.

Something Interesting About the Place

hour of the day or night and your re ward will be sure.

Norwich

Patience's mother came home

Patience was glad she had obeyed

JESSIE L. BREHANT.

GEORGE FARRELL, Age 12.

A February Pionic.

Bonnie and the Spool of Thread.

Once upon a time there was a lit-

tie kitten and we called it Bonnie.

Bonnie was a nice little kitten and had gray and white fur and he would

One fine day when the children wer

One fine day when the children were all at school Mamma and the baby went out for a walk and left Bonnie in under the stove asteep and Mamma did not know it. Well, Bonnie went into the sewing room and got one of mamma's black spools of thread, and then he was looking for a comfortable place to play with the spool of thread, but finally went into the parlor and sat in a big spring rooking their and

sat in a big spring rocking chair and began to unwind the thread from the spool, until Bonnie was all covered with the thread, and then he began

The Stag at the Lake.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Nancy Partridge, of Poquetanuck: I requived the prize book and like it very much. I was pleased when I got it. I have read some of it and like it. I thank you for the book.

Elizabeth O'Neil of Norwich: I thank you very much for the book which I have received. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Helen M. Whittaker, Providence, R. I.: I received the lovely book, "Water Bables," which you sent me. It is very interesting so far as I have read. Many thanks.

Harry Cookson, Centerville, R. L.: thank you very much for the book. have read it, and it is very nice. Raymond I. Royce, Norwich: Thank you for the book you gave me as a prize. I enjoy reading it very much.

PRIZE BOOK WINNERS.

1—Hazel Huling, of Hampton— "Trading and Exploring, by Agnes Vinton Luther.

2-Horatio Bigelow, Jr., of Norwich-Camping Out," by C. A. Stephenson. 3-Blanche Demuth, of Baltic-"Tom Swift and His Wizard Camera," by Victor Appleton,

4-George Farrell, of Norwich-"Fox lunting," by C. A. Stephenson.

5-Frieda Retkovske of Norwich-"Robinson Crusce," by Daniel DeFoe, 6—Jessie L. Brehant, of Locust Valley, L. I.—"Off the Geysers," by C. A. Stephenson.

7-Vincent L. Waters, of Williman-ic-"A Child's Garden of Verses," by tic—"A Child's C R. L. Stevenson 8-William Stanton, of Willimantic "Black Beauty," by Anna Sewall.

Winners of books living in Norwich may call at The Bulletin business office for them any time after 10 a.m. on

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-A WAKES.

George Washington. George Washington, the first president of the United States, was honest, kind and true.

His father gave him a new hatchet, so he ran off into the orchard and began chopping his father's cherry The tree was soon down and he hur-

His father was out around the or-chard and he saw that his cherry tree was chopped. When he reached home he inquired about the tree. He asked George.
George said: "Father, I cannot tell
a lie, I did it with my little hatchet."
LILLIAN BREHANT, Age 15.

Locust Valley, L. I.

Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

Patience was a dear little eightyear-old girl, that fived in Lexington.

She and her girl friends were sewing samplers.

This is what Patience had to sew on her sampler: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."—Patience Arnold.

One day her mother left her alone in the house for a few hours, while she visited a sick lady. She gave Patience the key of the barn, where the amelier and she went to pick it up and felt of Bonnie, and pulled him out the key of the barn, where the am-munition was kept, to take care of, and said:

"Do not give the key to savene you."

BLANCHE DEMUTH, Age 14.

"Do not give the key to anyone un-til I return." Patience kept on sewing. There were

so many letters for her to sew and they were so crooked, that they looked like the minute-men whom her father drilled on the village green.

When she was sewing the word Pattern of the control of the c

When she was sewing the word Patience, a gentleman entered the room. He paused to look at Patience's trembling fingers and then said:

"I ask for shelter for my men." He pointed to a number of soldiers outside. The gentleman said. "I tried to open the barn door, but it was locked." Then he asked for the key.

Patience took it from her apron pocket and held it under her sampler. The gentleman called his soldiers in and told them to search the house as

thought he; but how weak and thin my legs are.

As he was thinking about these things a lion sprang at him.

The stag turned and ran,

His thin legs were swift and his feet were sure and so long as they were on the plain he outran the lion. But when they came to the woods, his horns caught in the bough of the tree and held him fast until the lion fell upon him. The gentleman called his soldiers in and told them to search the house, as he wanted the barn key. They searched everywhere, but did not find it. Then he grew very angry and said: "Give me the key."

Patience said: "I have the key, but was told not to give it to anyone.

Opportunity is not what you want, but what someone else wants. Forget yourself and meet opportunity at any

Field Mouse and Town Mouse. A field mouse had a friend who lived The town mouse was asked one day to dine with the field mouse. SUNNY DAYS IN INSECTVILLE

Taftville, Box 270.

The town mouse was asked one day to dine with the field mouse.

Out he went and sat down to a meal of corn and wheat.

The town mouse looked at this plain fare with scorn and sald:

"Do you know, my friend, that you live a mere ant's life out here? Why, I have stores of good things to eat at home. Come to town and dine with me, and see what I have to give you."

So the two set out for town, and there the town mouse showed him meal and dates, his cheese and cake, and many sweets.

upon him.

The stag cried out: "Alas! the legs I scorned would have saved my life, but the horns of which I was so proud have caused my death."

HATTIE GRAHAM, Age 11.

Taftylle Box 270

As the field mouse ate he thought how rich his friend was and how poor

came into the room, and the mice were in such fright that they ran into a By and by, when the man had gone,

they crept out again.

Just then a cat came in.

"Run for your life!" cried the town Away flew the mice and reached a hole just in time to save their lives. Then the field mouse would eat no Then the field mouse would eat no more, but sad to the town mouse:
"Please yourself, my good friend; eat all you want. You are rich, but you are in a fright the whole time. I am poor, I know. I have nothing to eat but wheat and corn; but I will live on those, in no fear of anyone."

SOPHIE THOMA, Age 12.
Norwich.

Ocean Beach Day. Every year at Ocean Beach they

have a holiday which they call Ocean Beach day.

There are rowing races, walking the greased pole, and diving, with many other events.

greased pole, and diving, with many other events:

I am going to tell you about the last Beach day.

My brother was in the rowing race, so he went and got his entry blank about a week ahead of time. They were going to have the contest in the afternoon. So we cleaned the boat in the morning. After dinner we started.

When we got there they were walking the greased pole. The pole was fastened to the wharf at one end and the other end was out over the water. A handkerchief was fastened to the wharf and tried to get the handkerchief and dive off. It was funny to see them fall off and go splashing into the water. At last one of them got it.

Then came the rowing race. Six or seven boys lined up in sharples and when a man freed a pistol they were off. They went around a buoy down at the other end of the beach and back again. My brother came in third, but instead of scratching, as most cats do, he bites. He is 2 years old and is very plump and fat.

Wouldn't you like to see him?

MHLDRED TRUAX, Age 19.

South Manchester.

Her Little Kitten.

Dear Uncle Jed; I am going to tell you about my pet. My pet is a little kitten. He is most all gray, He has a little black and white on him. You should see him play with his table on it so hard I

but he beat a boy much older than Then came the diving. The men would run up the springboard and dive off. They dove the jackknife dive the backward dive the front dive and others. The tub race was very funny. The boys got into some little tubs and paddled with their hands. Most of them tipped over, and when they got to the end of the race all of them had had a ducking.

That night there were fireworks, but

If it is a rainy day and you want something to do, make a soft ball that you can use in the house. You will need only a cork, some cloth to tear into strips, a piece of strong twine, and a small quantity of bright colored wool. the fog came in and spoiled them. HORATIO BIGHLOW, JR., Age 10.

The cork is the foundation. Around The California Earthquake. this wind strips of muslin, which you have torn into half inch strips. Wind slowly and keep the ball quite round. When it is as large as you want it, take the twine and tie it over the ball

The California Earthquake.

I am a little girl. I lived in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. One day while I was playing I heard a rumbling noise. I was so frightened I ran to my mother. My father was sleeping and he woke up. Soon there was a large, loud crash heard. We then took our things and ran out. I became lost among a crowd of people. I went out of the crowd and ran to the coast. There I went on board a steamer. By and by the other people came on and soon we started. take the twine and tie it over the ball securaly, forming divisions or sections like those of an orange.

Now thread a tape needle with the wool, tie it where the cross sections meet, and then lace it round and round the ball, in and out of the twine, till it is completely covered. Keep the wool quite smooth and even and go over one string and under the next. If you have not a tape needle, thread a darning needle and use it wrong end first.

GEORGE FARRELLA Age 12. started.

We went through the Golden Gate, out to the Pacific ocean. We then sailed down the coast of, Mexico and South America, up the Atlantic ocean to England.

When we landed all the people went went, too.

One day while I was walking in a park I met a man and woman whom I recognized as my mother and father. We all were glad to see each other.

After a month in England we came to Norwich, in the United States, and I have been here ever since.

FRIEDA RETKOVSKE, Age 11.

Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

A February Pionic.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Neilie. She was always wishing that she had been born in June, so that she might have a birthday lawn party like the other girls she knew.

One day her mother told her that she had sent out invitations to her little friends, inviting them to come to a lawn party Thursday. Neilie did not see how they could have a lawn party in the snowy woods. But her mother told her not to ask questions, but walt until the time came.

When the children came they were very much surprised for in the barn on the floor of the loft was a nice green carpet with trees and flowers all around it.

In one corner was a pile of sweet Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about Papa's visit to Terryville to my Uncle Tom's

He told me that Uncle Tom is very fond of raising colts and training them, and that he has two young Auntie has a lot of hens, turkeys and ducks, and Cousin Gilbert has

around it.

In one corner was a pile of sweet hay, with old Doosle and her three kittens upon it. They also had much fun with the organ grinder's monkey, who danced and bowed and played with the boys and girls.

Soon luncheon was served, and when it was time to go home they said it was the jolliest and funniest picnic they ever attended in all their lives.

G. W., Age 13.

Poquetanuck, rabbits. He wanted Papa to bring a pair home to us, but Papa thought he had enough chores to do without feeding rabbits. I suppose he means we'd forget to feed them, as Brother John and I do forget to do our chores some-I hope to visit them myself some day, and then I will tell you more

them. FLORENCE WHYTE, Age 9. Her Summer Vacation.

climb on the window sill, then he would meouw for all he was worth until we would open the door to let Dear Uncle Jed: June 18th we got out of school The school had a picnic and after the picnic we played games and ran races. When it was about 4 o'clock I went home.

In the morning I have to help my Mother do some work; in the afternoon I go down to the orchard and I get some apples. If it is Wednesday we go to sewing school to learn how to sew.

The lady who shows us how to sew is Mrs. Selmes.

is Mrs. Selmes.

In July we had company for about two weeks. My Uncle John and Cousin Helen and Cousin Lawrence from Philadelphia. He was a little sick, so he thought he would come to the country. He is now very ill in bed.

While they were visiting at our house we went to Baltic, and when he went home we went down to New London with him to get the train. It was an hour and a half late.

I got lots of Christmas presents, and I hope you did. hope you did.

ANNY ROY MINTOSH, Age 16.

Hanover.

My Pet Dog. Dear Uncle Jed: My pet is a dog. He is brown and white. His name is

When we bought him he was so small and cunning that anyone could put him in their pocket. He has many brothers and sisters, and when they come together they One warm day a stag stopped to quench his thirst at a lake. The water was so clear that he saw himself in it as he bent down to drink.

What fine large horns I have, thought he; but how weak and thin my less are

and when they come together they play very rough.

One day he went to see his mother. He seemed very much afraid of her. She became very angry with him, and when he did come up she lifted up her paw and hit him in the face.

My klitty doesn't like Dick very well. Every chance she gets she hits him with her new. with her paw.

Whenever we take him anywhere he always runs away, and when we get home we find him waiting on the steps for us.

HELEN WILLETT, Age 10.

My Rooster.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day our dog was chasing my rooster. She drove him into the bushes, where there was some wire. The rooster got his leg tangled in the wire and broke it.

I brought him into the house; then I got two small pieces of wood. I put one piece on each side of his leg. Then I got a piece of cloth and wound it around his leg, and I tied it tight with string.

string.

After I did this I put him in a place by himself. He was there for about three weeks.

One day my mother said that he was using his leg which had been broken. Sure enough he was.

It was not long afterward when he began to use both feet. You cannot tell now his leg had ever been broken.

HAZEL HULING, Age 14.

Hampton. Hampton.

Borrowing a Brother. Dear Uncle Jed: A little boy named Howard was very lonesome. One day he said to his mother: "Mamma, O, I do wish I had some-one to play with!"

one to play with!"

Mamma could not help it.

Then a new family moved across the road. There were no children to play with except a 1 year old boy.

Howard got acquainted very soon, so he asked if he might borrow the little baby.

He could, and what delightful times they had together. The baby played with the rubber ball and the marbles. Every pleasant day he borrowed a brother. LOUISA KRAUSS, Age 13. Taftville.

A Handsome Cat. Dear Uncle Jed: About two years ago I was visiting a friend and saw a

Dear Uncle Jed: About two years ago I was visiting a friend and saw a kitten sprawling about. They said they were going to drown it

I felt so sorry for it that they gave it to me. It was a long, slim cat and so homely. Now it has grown to be a big, black, shiny cat. We named it Buster.

A year ago last Thanksgiving I took him to visit Grandma.

Buster ate some pumpkin seeds a little while ago and was very sick.

We are going to get him a catnip ball right away, and we have got a catbook for him.

I take him to bed with me at night, but instead of scratching, as most cats do, he bites. He is 2 years old and is very plump and fat.

Wouldn't you like to see him?

MILDRED TRUAX, Age 19.

South Manchester.



Ponce De Leon

The great Spanish explorer who searched for the mythical "Fountain of Eternal Youth," was on wrong track.

There is only one "Eternal Youth," and that "continual good health."

will insure a good digestion and a hearty appetite. is a food and a tonic combined. Malt and Hops-Hypophosphites of iron and lime. No family should be without a supply.

Collier's Weekly, in its issue of September 2, 1871, published an article entitled, "Here Are Foods That Are Pure," by Margaret Wagner. There was printed in this article "A List From Which Housewives May Choose Without Doubt or Hesitanoy." This list was the result of several years an alytical work by the pupils of the State Normal School at Westfield, Massachusetts, under the direction of Professor Lewis B. Allyn. KING'S PUREMALT is meationed among the food products of absolute pure quality.

KING'S PUREMALT is sold at all drug stores and in strict conformity with the Pure Food and Drug Act of June 30, 1908. Send for prices to your

King's Puremait Department, 36-38 Hawley St., Boston



should think he would hurt it. He is only a baby kitten. I have had him two weeks, but he seems to know ev-erywhere about the house. JOSEPHINE HOLBROOK, Age 10.

Different Kinds of Fowl. Dear Uncle Jed: I live on a farm where we keep geese, turkeys, ducks, hens, guineas and five little banties.

I have one little banty which I call Queeny and another larger creeper hen named Betsy.

named Betsy.

They all come by the doorsteps looking for their feed every morning and night, and seem so very glad to see me when I go to feed them that they follow me all around.

At night they sight to roost in a small building when I nice place is prepared for them.

VIOLET MAIN, Age 12.

Trapping Muskrats

Dear Uncle Jed: One Monday I set nine traps and the next morning I went to them and got five muskrats, and then I went home and skinned them and hung them up to dry.

I went the next morning and got one muskrat, and the next morning I did not go because it rained, and then it snowed. Then I took the traps up because it rained so much.

MAURICE P. FLYNN, Age 13.

He Likes to Collect the Eggs. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about the farm where I live.

We have two horses, ten cows and a pair of oxen.

We have about forty heps and pullets. I like to feed the hens and get

the eggs. FERDINAND SYLVIA, Age 9. Her Dog Spot.

Dear Uncle Jed: Before I go to school in the morning my dog Spot and I have a walk together.

At night when I come home he wants At night when I come nome he wants his walk just the same. So instead of taking a walk I get a stick and throw it far away and then run and hide. After he gets the stick he comes to

We have great times together.
When I slide down hill I take him on
the sled with me. Sometimes I drag

him on it. EDITH M. HILL, Age 12.

Believe me, he ain't no fool!
WILLIAM STANTON, Age 9. He Helps Do the Cherse.

Dear Uncle Jed: I have three brothers and two sisters. I am next to the My father has 183 acres on the farm. We have twelve head of stock. I help to do the chores. I blesn the stable and pitch down the day, and do other things ARTHUR GAGER, Age 10

Likes Country Life. Dear Uncle Jed: I live in Hanover. My father owns a farm that contains My father owns a farm that contains about 73 acres. He owns one horse, eight cows, 150 hens and a little calf about three weeks old.

I live near the schoolheuse, church, postoffice and store.

I go to school every day. I am in the seventh grade. My teacher's name is Miss Standish and I like her very much.

much.

I help my father and mother. I go with my father every morning for a ride. I like to ride on horseback.

Every night when I come home from school I milk two cows.

I have lived in the country all my life. I wouldn't like to live in the

city. Wouldn't you like to live in the FLORENCE M'INTOSH, Age 12, Hanover.

Rhode Island Reds. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about our hens, We have about a hundred. Our hens We have about a numered. Our hells lay about 13 eggs a day.
We give them corn and cats. We have the Rhode Island Reds.
They are a very good laying hen, and we like them very well.

MARTHA I. GRAY.

Yantic. The Crab and the Kitten. Dear Uncle Jed: I went crabbing ast summer with some boys and girla. got a lot of crabs. My mother would hardly believe that I caught so

many myself.

Mamma put them in a pan, and one big one got out of the pan on the floor. My kitten saw him, so he thought he would play with him. He went toward one of them and the crab Little Rags.

Dear Uncle Jed: I've got a little yelow dog. His name is Rags. I like I didn't dare to go very near; but my

thought he would play with him. He went toward one of them and the crab get hold of his leg. The cat cried, but The avertage rainfall there is 616 inch.

little Rags very much. Rags likes handkerchiefs. He picks up every one he finds and brings it home. He likes to go to school but the teacher puts him out.

In the little Rags very much. Rags likes father came home just then, so he got Tom away from the crab.

The next day we had the crabs for dinner; but I did not eat any because they were so mean to hart my cat so Tom away from the crab.

The next day we had the crabs for dinner; but I did not eat any because they were so mean to hart my cat so much the day before.

Next year we boys will go crabbing again, and I will send some to yeu, if you like them.

VINCENT F. WATERS, Age 8.

Dear Uncle Jed: One day when little Robbie was visiting his uncle in Maine he saw a large clumsy animal with hig horm, and he was running at full speed. When little Robbie saw him he ran away; but he saw three men on snowshoes after the large animal. The mow was quite desp, and the animal kept sinking in the snow, and the men hept gaining on him, and when they got up to him they fired, but never hit him. When they all got quite close to him they fired again, and this time they hit him and he fell dead upon the snow.

snow.

Then little Robbie ran home and told his range all about the strange animal, and his uncle told him it was

OTIS CONRAD Lucy's Vanilla Sauce

Dear Uncle Jed: Some of the Wida-Awakes may want to try vanilla sauce. Mix a teaspoon of cornstarch with one-half cup of sugar. Then pour on one cup of boiling water. Then let it boil five minutes. After boiled five minutes add the beaten white of an egg and a teaspoon of vanilla. I hope some of the Wida-Awakes will try it and report. I will close. LUCY A. GRAY, Age 10.

A Visit to Unole's Farm.

Dear Uncie Jedt I will tell you about my visit to my unders farm last week.

Every morning my cousins and I would go and watch my under milk the cows and feed the pigs.

My cousin Albert would feet the hens and rabbits; then we would play until dinner.

In the afternoon we would go in the woods and watch the little squirrels, and then we would look for the eggs. I had a nice time and intend to go next Saturday.

next Saturday.
BLANCHE RICHARD, Age 11.

HOGS or BABIES?

Should hogs be better raised than babies? Two lowa women thought not. They judged babies as cattle are judged and awarded prizes to the healthiest babies at baby shows. They started a movement for "Better Babies" which is spreading everywhere, and the Woman's Home Companion is helping. The March number tells all about it-15c.

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

FERD. NOWATSKY, 229 Main Street, GEO. A. DAVIS

grass-snakes, which delight in capturing sluggish creatures in the grass;
the toads that find all sorts of files
good eating, and the bats which hang
in the trees by day and capture the
biggest moths on the wing at night;
so say nothing of the birds known as
fly-catchers, which nest close by; but
Insectville is populous and there are
always enough insects to meet all the
demands of nature.

These insects come in their season.

see, as well as its pleasures and perfiy-catchers, which nest close by but Insectivile is populous and there are always enough insects to meet all the demands of nature.

These insects come in their season, just like the planta, and, strange to saywhen the plants are ready for them. And the flowers are called bee-flowers and butterfly-flowers, and moth-flowers, and butterfly-flowers, and moth-flowers, and the shape and visitors. How special flowers were designed to afford honey to special in sect visitors it not known, and neverlikely to be. The milkweed is a butterfly flower the morning giory is a moth flower; the clovers are a bee-flower, and cannot make seed without their help; and the snap dragon is a special bumble-bee flower; and it yields its honey only to the bee which can by its weight open it and enter. Naturalists say this heavy bee has helped the flower to strengthen the big bee's weight; but bees with cutting mouths and honey-birds with sharp bills break through the side of the flower and rob the necture pot, and some flowers are inseparably related they cannot live and thrive without as another.

So it is planned that there shall be Aprill insect; and insects in every month even as late as November, for here in rugged New England naturalists are acquainted with the November more accolless. And if you remember your Sunday school lesson you will not fedi to recall the fact that St. Paul was a tent maker; but in lineectville the conduct of any yet be useful to man, but they school lesson you will not fedi to recall the fact that St. Paul was a tent maker; but in lineectville the conduct of this great is been disturbed.

In there are no tatiloren are not atlifered and so the insects had ther children are prettily and disturbed to the symmetry flowers are not entirely absorbed waring as flowers; and user in the rest, and the first, and his flower; the clovers are a been disturbed.

In there are no tatilore and there had the rehidren are prettily and disturbed to the symmetry flowers and visitors. How m

(Copyrighted.) Insectville has its resident enemies to society, for we find there the mole, which lives upon insects, burrowing in the ground; the lizard which is fond tender caterpillars, lurking in the shadows of the logs and rocks; the grass-snakes, which delight in capturing sluggish creatures in the grass; the toads that find all sorts of files good eating, and the bats which hang in the trees by day and capture the biggest moths on the wing at night; so say nothing of the birds known as fly-catchers, which nest close by; but

lis.

If there are no tailors there fashions